

# The Towanda Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum In Advance.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1878.

NUMBER 87.

## Business Cards.

**O. D. KINNEY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office—formerly occupied by W. M. D. A. Keating House, (Jan. 1878).

**WILLIAMS & ANGLE,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.  
Office—formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, (Jan. 1878).

**I. McPHERSON,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Dict. Adv. Brod. Co. (Feb. 1878).

**MASON & HEAD,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.  
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st. C. F. Mason, (1877) Arthur Head, (1877).

**E. L. HILLS,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office with Smith & Montague, (1877-78).

**E. E. GOFF,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
31st Street 4 doors north of Ward House, Towanda, Pa. (April 12, 1877).

**W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY**  
AT LAW, WYOMING CO., PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with E. E. Goff, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**L. ELSBREE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Collections promptly attended to. July 27, 78.

**C. L. LAMB,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
WILKES-BARRE, PA.  
Collections promptly attended to. July 27, 78.

**JOHN W. MILK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
U. S. ASSISTANT ATTORNEY.  
Office—North Side Public Square, Jan. 1, 1878.

**DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
107th Street of Ward House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 23, 77.

**H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
Office—over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physic.**  
City and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Mack's Grocery store, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**MADILL & CALIFF,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.  
Office in Ward's Block, first above the first N. E. MADILL, (1877-78) J. N. CALIFF, (1877-78).

**GRIDLEY & PAYNE,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.  
No. 11 TRACY & NOBLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET TOWANDA, PA. (1877).

**JAMES WOOD,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office—over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**CHAS. M. HALL,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary.  
Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to his care. Office—over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**JOHN F. SANDERSON,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office—Main Building over Powell's Store, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**S. W. & W. LITTLE,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.  
Office over Dockers' Provision Store, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. April 18, 78.

**GEORGE D. STROUD,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.  
Office—Main Street, four doors north of Ward House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**H. STREETER,**  
LAW OFFICE.  
TOWANDA, PA.  
Office over Montague's Store, (1877-78).

**W. M. MAXWELL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, 1878.

**DATRICK & FOYLE,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.  
Office, in Mercers' Block, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**J. ANDREW WILT,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.  
Office over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**QVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTOR-**  
NEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having removed their offices to the new building, they will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. O. QVERTON, J. L. ELSBREE, (1877-78).

**H. C. WHITAKER,**  
BOOK BINDER.  
REPAIRS BOOKS, THIRD FLOOR, TOWANDA, PA.

**C. S. RUSSELL'S,**  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.  
No. 28-29, TOWANDA, PA.

**INSURANCE AGENCY.**  
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED COMPANIES REPRESENTED.  
ANSWER, PHOENIX, HOME, MERCHANTS, MONTELEONE, TOWANDA, PA. 1878.

**TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.**  
Main Street opposite the Old House, (1878).

**W. S. VINCENT,**  
MANAGER.

**DR. T. B. JOHNSON,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST.**  
Office over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.**  
Office over the old Court House, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**E. D. PAYNE, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office over Montague's Store, Towanda, Pa. (1877-78).

**H. HAIGH & BROADLEY,**  
Manufacturers of Woollen Goods, Yarns, Ac  
CARDING & DRESSING.  
Cash paid for wool, also cleaned and dyed for wool. L. L. E. PA.

## ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

The verdict of the people is that M. E. ROSENFELD'S is the

## CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY CLOTHING.

And now I am again before the people with the BIGGEST INDUCEMENTS That have ever been offered to the CITIZENS OF TOWANDA.

And its surroundings

A large EASTERN CLOTHING HOUSE being obliged to

MAKE AN ASSIGNMENT

For the benefit of their creditors, the assignee has sent to me

WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

TO BE SOLD WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS.

WITHOUT REGARD TO WHAT THEY COST.

We have also a large line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.

Come Early if You Want Bargains.

M. E. ROSENFELD.

SELLING OUT.

Is selling out his entire stock of WINTER CLOTHING REGARDLESS OF COST.

Don't buy your CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

Until you have examined his stock.

Every body says he gives the BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN TOWANDA.

JA G O O S

Is now receiving his FALL AND WINTER STOCK

QUALITY

LOW PRICES.

If you doubt, call and examine.

Patton's Block Main Street.

Towanda, Sept. 4, 1877.

## HIGHEST AWARDS!

CENTENAL EXHIBITION.

J. REYNOLDS & SON, Northwest corner.

Manufacturers of patented WROUGHT-IRON AIR-TIGHT HEATERS.

With Shaking and Choking-Grinding Grates for burning Anthracite or Bituminous Coal.

CENTENAL WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS. For Bituminous Coal.

KEYSTONE WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS, Cooking Ranges, Low-down Grates, Etc.

Descriptive circulars sent free to any address. EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING.

Philadelphia, April 26, 77-78.

THE GREAT WEDDING CARD DEPOT.

The latest styles in WEDDING INVITATIONS. Prices lower than any house in the country.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. M. HOSKINS, STATIONER AND ENGRAVER, 913 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

APRIL 12, 1877.

VEGETINE. Saved by a Woman.

The sun's declining rays streamed through the window, casting roseate hues over the statues and paintings in the grand hall of the hotel, and resting, it seemed with a sort of friendly pity, upon the bowed form of the artist himself.

"My Levere, signed heavily as he looked at his head and gazed at the unfinished portrait of the case before him. The last touches were to be put to the drawing, and take his \$100 for painting it.

It was a girl's portrait. The soft blue eyes looked earnestly at him, the brown hair rippled away from the white forehead, the coral lips were closed, with an expression of mild looking at them.

"And I must give it up—must give it up," he exclaimed, "making an impatient movement, as if he would clamp the luminous thing in his heart.

"Oh, Maud! Maud!" he whispered, his gray eyes softening with unutterable tenderness as he looked at the portrait of the case before him. "I dream how much I love you. I believe you love me in spite of my poverty. There is something in your eyes as you look at me." He stopped abruptly, and turned the face from him. "I smile to you, lips, but it was not a pleasant smile; it could have hurt you, had you then seen it, it was so cold and bitter. He rose and walked to the window, and looked gloomily out into the street. Guy Levere sat intensely unhappy at that moment.

"He noticed a familiar carriage rolling down the street. A small, gloved hand was waved at him from the carriage window. He bowed and smiled. The carriage stopped close to the pavement, and an elderly gentleman stepped out and entered the studio.

"Ah, Levere, how are you progressing?" exclaimed the gentleman, withdrawing his glove and pressing the artist's right hand with a firm and gracious as if it had been a millionaire he was greeting.

"Pretty favorably," replied the artist. "I had rather expected it to be finished," said Judge Allen, fumbling somewhat nervously in his pocket.

"Don't, I beg, Judge!" exclaimed Guy, as the gentleman produced a formidable looking book.

"A Father's love," said the artist, the portrait as good as finished; "I do not likely I'll be around again; I'll send for it. And for fear you will think I've made a mistake, I may as well mention that there is \$150 in the roll. Don't be blank, my good fellow. It is not a copper too much. Let me say it is the best thing of the kind I ever saw. You are destined to make your mark."

"Thank you, Judge, for my heart for your encouraging words; but, as I agreed to paint it for \$100, I positively refuse to take a cent more."

"Fudge! do you suppose I am making you a present of it? I consider the portrait worth it."

"Guy turned his pale, proud face toward the picture, and a yearning look in his eyes said that if he possessed it, thousands would not buy it. "My dear Judge," said he, "I have no doubt that you really consider the picture worth that, or may be more; but I can't repeat what I said before—\$100, and not a cent more."

The judge bowed coldly, and a faint flush crept up his face as he received the returned bill; but in his heart of hearts he liked him better for it.

Guy walked to the door with him. Judge Allen coughed once or twice in an undecided way.

## Dothey.

THE TWO GLASSES. There at two glass filled to the brim. On a rich man's table, rim to rim. One was muddy and red as blood, And the other as clear as the crystal foot.

Said the glass of wine to the other: "Let us not tell the tales of the past to each other; I can't see a drop of the crystal foot. And the product and grandest fruits on earth. For under my table a throng thronged at night. From the heads of the stars I have had my crown. From the heights of fame I have had my down. I have had many an honored name. I have taken virtue and given down to you. I have tempted the young with a step a state. That has made me the future a barren waste. For greater than King Solomon, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the arm of the driver fall. And sent the train from the top of the hill. I have made good ships go down at sea. And the shrikes of the lost were sent to me. For they said 'they had never seen you.' Fame, strength, wealth, gain, honor, you fall. For your night and power are over all. 'No, no!' said the other, 'I laugh the wine. Can you lead me to the crystal foot? Said the water glass: 'I cannot lead you to a king detained by a riddled host. But I can tell of a host of hosts. By my crystal drops made light and glad. Of things I've questioned, of things I've loved: Of friends I have counted; of friends I have loved; I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain.

Every one at the table became suddenly silent, some looking with pity at Guy, for they thought him very ill-bred and ignorant. The young heir of a million dollars coolly filled his glass again, and, raising his voice a trifle, again said: "I think the health of Guy Levere, the artist."

"All eyes were directed toward Guy, for it was Ronald Cameron, the millionaire's son. Guy looked at him quietly, but made no motion to fill his own glass.

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## THE TWO BILLS—A FABLE.

Two bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go into the world. One was a little bill, only a dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand dollar bill. While lying there side by side, they fell to talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out:

"Ah, if it was as big as you what good could I do? I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Everybody would admire and want to take me home with them, but small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me; I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes, that is so," said the thousand dollar bill; and he haughtily gathered up his well-trimmed edges that were lying next to the little bill in contented acquiescence.

"That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled in a wreath of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered:

"I may do some good if I am small."

And when it saw the bright faces of the fatherless children it was very glad it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill said its journey of usefulness. It first went to the baker for bread; then to the miller; then to the farmer; then to the doctor; then to the minister; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back again to the bank, its duty done, and its usefulness softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, what has been your usefulness?"

"The bill said it had been safe among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

"The little dollar bill said:

"It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few."

Mover to the latter is contained in his business to an inkly office boy, were admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of a celebrated morning paper.

A close, low-roofed, smoky room, lighted by numerous gas lamps, and filled with tall desks, at which sat, stooping, busy men, pulling cigars or pipes, and scribbling with pens or pencils at lightning speed—that was the next scene opened to them.

Some of the desks there were piled upon high with manuscripts from points as far apart and as varied as the capitals of Europe and plaintive outposts on the far Western plains. A little tin box shot up and down in a wooden shaft in the middle of the room, and the editor's secretary was put by an office boy, who rushed from desk to desk and gathered the sheets as they came down from the writers' hands. From time to time a nervous, sharp-eyed, imperative gentleman in a very mild, soiled linen duster, called to one or the other of the workers, and gave orders which would have been quite unintelligible to a layman, who might have mistaken the establishment for a slaughter house of literary geniuses.

The pale-faced little gentleman requested to "make a paragraph of the Pope," "cut down Anna Dickinson," "double lead General Grant," "put a million cap lead on Cooper," and "bold down the Evangelical Alliance." But making a paragraph of the Pope simply applied to the compression of some news concerning him into that space: "the minion cap head," intended for the venerable philanthropist, meant the article to be prepared in the title of a speech or lecture of his; and "bolding down" and "cutting down" were two technicalities expressing condescension. The gentleman in the linen duster was the editor, and the man in the smoky room was the editor's secretary.

Three o'clock the last line of copy had been taken in the regular hands, and from midnight until the time a newspaper office in the editorial department is in a state of nervous intensity and activity for which I can imagine no parallel.

The smoke from the cigars and pipes rolled up to the ceiling and the pens sped over the pages of manuscript paper. The writers bent their work with tremendous earnestness and concentration; there was not one of them who had a thought less than a column of matter that night, and some were closing two and three column articles, which contained nearly as many words as five pages of *Harper's Magazine*. They were pale and careworn, and their heads were bending and subsiding under the weight of the pen, and another was writing editorial paragraphs on the important geographical news that came in, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, and another was busy with stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing touches upon a well-considered article criticizing a debate in the French Assembly, and another was busy with the description of a yacht race. The little tin box in the shaft bounded up and down more frequently, and the night editor became more nervous and imperative than ever, as the fingers of the big clock on the wall went beyond twelve. The pages of manuscript were sent up one by

## THE SKY A DRINKING CUP.

The sky is a drinking cup. The water in it is the eyes of men. It pours in the wine of joy, and it pours in the wine of sorrow. It pours in the wine of love, and it pours in the wine of hate. It pours in the wine of life, and it pours in the wine of death. It pours in the wine of hope, and it pours in the wine of despair. It pours in the wine of faith, and it pours in the wine of unbelief. It pours in the wine of truth, and it pours in the wine of falsehood. It pours in the wine of good, and it pours in the wine of evil. It pours in the wine of light, and it pours in the wine of darkness. It pours in the wine of life, and it pours in the wine of death. It pours in the wine of hope, and it pours in the wine of despair. It pours in the wine of faith, and it pours in the wine of unbelief. It pours in the wine of truth, and it pours in the wine of falsehood. It pours in the wine of good, and it pours in the wine of evil. It pours in the wine of light, and it pours in the wine of darkness. 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